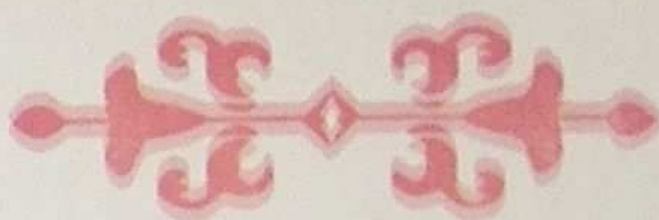


The Frances Shimer Record

October, 1920



Maunt Carroll, Illinois



Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your Will? It has an **endowment** street and **Shimister's estate** and its income from pupils. Use this form for request:

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby bequeath to the **Board of Trustees** of the **University of Chicago** the sum of **one hundred dollars** to be paid to the **University of Chicago** in the year of its incorporation, and I hereby direct the executor of my will to pay the same to the **University of Chicago** in the year of its incorporation.

FORM OF A BEQUEST OF REAL ESTATE

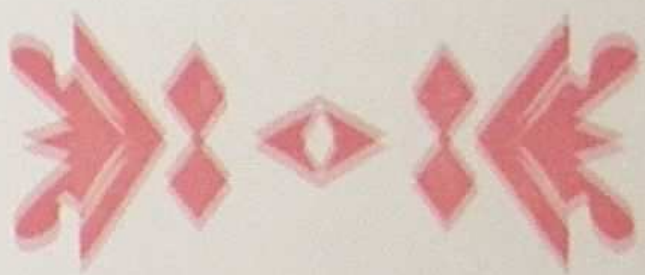
I hereby bequeath to the **Board of Trustees** of the **University of Chicago** the real estate situated in the **City of Chicago** and known as **the property of the University of Chicago** and I hereby direct the executor of my will to pay the same to the **University of Chicago** in the year of its incorporation.

Write the Board concerning annuities.

1 2 3 4

The Board of Account of this institution are audited by **Ernst & Ernst**, **Brothers & Montgomery**, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, CHICAGO, ILL.



The Frances Shimer Record

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Entered Second Class, 1916, at Mt. Carroll, Ill., at post-office under Act of July 16, 1911

Editorials

A Welcome to the New Girls by an Old Girl

"Fritz, of all people! Are you back? I'm so glad to see you here!" Yes, and we are glad to see every one of the girls who are here for the first time. We are back because we liked it so well last year that we wanted more. And we hope that you'll feel that way next June. This is our school and we are all members of the Dean's big family, and we want you to love it all as we do. We want to do all we can to help you get accustomed to our ways. We are glad that we can show you the way to Katie's and downtown. Let's all become well acquainted so that we shall enjoy working and playing together.

A Drive for Neatness

I wonder how many of us realize how important it is that we keep ourselves as neat as we do at home? I fear that some of us have not even thought of it, or else are not very neat at home. Those who are concerned in the latter group I think should learn while at Frances Shimer, if they haven't at home, how to be tidy.

Every girl should make herself as attractive as possible, no matter where she may be, in the home, in business, or in school. When I say "make herself attractive" I do not mean to wear every day either her very best clothes, or discarded party dresses, or to spend a lot of time primping, but to wear the appropriate thing at the appropriate time and keep herself clean and neat.

We are all here to study, I hope, yet I am sure that no girl is taking such a heavy course that she has no time to give herself the personal attention that all girls need.

Suppose we get up a little earlier in the morning and come to breakfast with the freshness and neatness about us that makes everyone glad to see us come to the table. If we all did this how much better our breakfast would taste to us, even though we were only served a cereal, bread and butter.

A Thrift Box

The other day I heard a girl say, as she was cleaning out her dresser drawers, "What shall I do with these things? They are too good to be burned, and yet I know that I shall never wear them again. I guess I might as well keep them, since there is so large a pile." Is it not true that every girl accumulates apparel which she no longer uses? Why do we not have a school thrift box where such things might be deposited and then sent away to someone who might need them?

At the end of each school year there are a number of girls going away, never to return. Some would like to leave, besides clothing, articles of furniture and whatever might be too heavy or cumbersome to

take away, with someone who would dispose of these articles where they would be useful.

Perhaps the question will arise, "Will not some girls give away things which they cannot really afford to?" But all material could easily be inspected by a committee, before it is accepted. Might not the Y. W. C. A. manage such a thrift box?

The Girl—The Time—but What of the Place?

On first thought we cannot understand why recreational dancing in the ball-room should be forbidden fruit. We like to dance and we like a pleasant room to dance in. That we should not be allowed to use it when it is so pleasant seems unjust. On second thought, is the room an essential feature if we have a good partner and good music? The floor of the gym, while it is not waxed, is not traversed by a long ridge, either: the lights in the gym shine quite as brightly as those in the ball-room. Let us not attribute the decree of "the powers that be" against nightly use of the ballroom, to a desire to restrict our pleasure, but rather to a wish that we may appreciate the room more when we are allowed to use it.

Do Your Bit

Do you enjoy reading the Record? Of course you do. Every Shimerite does, unless she is abnormal; or would subnormal be more appropriate? How many of you have said, "Oh, I won't bother to subscribe for the Record, I'll read yours? I know I have heard that several times. I wonder if those who have said that have really thought about it enough to see that only a slacker would feel that way. You surely don't want to be looked upon as a slacker, do you?

If a girl is at all proud of her school,—and any girl who isn't proud of this one ought to be sent home on the first train,—she ought to want to send her school paper home so that her family can see just what we can do here at Frances Shimer. At least one copy of each issue of the Record is as essential to me as my comb and brush, and I could easily use more than one copy. I am sure that such is the case with all of you. If you are not anxious to read the Record, and think that it is not up to your ideals for a school paper, you are just the one whom we want to suggest some means of improvement. The staff is always willing to receive ideas and suggestions; in fact, we urge that you offer any which may come into your mind. Two heads are better than one.

Every member of the staff is enthusiastic and eager to make her department interesting. We are trying to do our bit as well as we know how, and we want you to do yours with equal vim and vigor. Won't you do your best to bring up the subscription list? Each of you can subscribe for at least one copy, and perhaps more. Every little bit helps. The list is low; we will leave it to you to send it up sky-high.



Shep

Marion Homell, College '22

Someone is missing from the campus. Shep, our beloved dog, is gone. How can we get along without him? Dear to us all, especially to the old girls and teachers, was our Shep.

You who have been in the school during the past years are well acquainted with a beautiful, brown, collie dog who would run up to you with a smile on his face. Then you would say, "Hello, Shep, shake hands?" and he would willingly put out his right paw.

This is only one instance of what Shep could do. Remember how he would sit up on his hind legs and beg? Then, perhaps, you would give him some "eats" and he would bark his thanks. When we went on hikes, Shep nearly always went too and we enjoyed his company, didn't we?

On Thanksgiving day, recall how he stood outside in the snow and "rooted" for the Captain ball game? I wonder which side he favored, don't you? Then, in the afternoon, he walked with the Seniors, helping to defend Nebby. Shep was a good old scout, wasn't he?

The entire school mourned his death on Friday, October first. Who can take his place?

Mushrooms or Toadstools?

Gertrude Murdough, Academy '21

I adored mushrooms of any kind, and we were to have them for dinner this night. It would have been a regular banquet for me if I hadn't had to eat alone, because dad and mother had been called to Cedar Rapids, at the last minute.

We were living in a hotel where the dining room was open from six to eight, but the family didn't go to dinner until six-thirty. This particular night I went a little earlier because I wanted lots of time to

eat, as long as I had dad's and mother's share of mushrooms. I gave the waitress my order,—mushrooms, that's all, but plenty of them. Very soon a piping hot dish of my favorite food was placed before me. Oh, they were so good! I ate and ate, and very soon I ordered a second dish, then a third. Then Mary Ann, my nurse-girl, came in. She had been helping the new pastry-girl when the chef had told her that I was eating too many mushrooms. Everyone in the kitchen always had such a good time telling me how much I should eat, whenever mother or Mary Ann wasn't with me. Mary Ann calmly said, "No more mushrooms for you"; but I teased and teased and finally got several more. At last I felt that I had had enough, and when Mary Ann reminded me that I had eaten as many dishes of mushrooms as any man, I was wholly satisfied.

I went up to my room, thinking that I would play fairy, my best pastime, but I felt rather dizzy and drowsy, and so got ready for bed instead. I was sitting on the bed when I heard two of the girls from the kitchen talking about the mushrooms. One said that she knew that the mushrooms were toadstools because the pan that they had been cooked in had turned black.

Toadstools were poisonous! What could I do? Mother and father wouldn't be home until midnight. Could I keep awake as long as that? Was it the poison in the toadstools that made me drowsy? Why had I eaten so many? I would never tell Mary Ann that I was going to die, but why hadn't I stopped when she asked me to? I was getting sleepier and sleepier every minute. Soon I went into the bathroom and bathed my face in cold water, but even that didn't do much good. It certainly was the poison; I should never see mother and father again, nor the dogs, nor the horses. I had to say goodbye to them some way, and so I decided to write a letter. It didn't take me long, as I didn't think that I could lose a single minute.

I put the farewell message in an envelope, sealed it and put it under my dresser scarf; Mary Ann would find it at the end of the week when she changed the scarf. I got my two favorites, a baby doll and a stuffed cloth dog, and put one in each arm. I said my prayers better than usual that night; it took me much longer, too, for it seemed that I had so much to say.

In the morning I woke up as usual, but a sudden horror seized me when I thought that death would come during the day, and that meant terrible pains, moans and groans. Why hadn't I died in the night? I didn't tell a soul, neither did I get out of mother's sight all day. Another night came and went, but I was up bright and early, as usual. At breakfast I said to mother, "Mother, how long does it take before toadstools kill a person?"

"Anytime from fifteen minutes to two hours, dear, why?"

I didn't answer, but a great relief filled me. I ate a tremendous

breakfast, the first meal I had enjoyed since the mushrooms. Immediately after breakfast I took my letter of farewell and hid it in a little trunk of doll clothes. I was out of danger! I never could tell any of the family, for it would be too good a joke for them; they enjoyed that sort of thing too much.

Two years ago I found the little trunk of doll clothes stored in my play room and I wondered if anyone had ever found my farewell letter. I looked through the trunk, and there it was. I had a good laugh and took it to mother and told her all about it. I'm still just as fond of mushrooms, and I'm glad, after all, that once in my life, I had all I could eat.

Girls vs. Wasps

Genevieve Freeman, College '22

Did a wasp ever sting you?

Picture to yourself, gentle reader, a hundred and fifty girls in Chapel, giving their undivided attention to the Dean's interesting discourse on politics. Suddenly, from nowhere, it would seem, a murderous-looking wasp swoops down upon the unsuspecting crowd, and every girl is instantly on the alert against impending danger. Barricades of song-books are hurriedly erected against the oncoming enemy.

We take the first-mentioned wasp to be the commander-in-chief of the regiment, since he gives orders in a buzzing tone of voice, with a great deal of authority. The fight is on, and for a few minutes the battle rages fiercely, but the enemy is finally forced to retreat to the ceiling. However, this is only a truce: tomorrow he will be prepared to fight an even fiercer battle than this one of today.

In the meantime the Dean endeavors to decide whether or not Harding will be elected!

A Contrast

Grace Richter, College '22

Look you, Little Lady of Today, who stretch and yawn and grumble at the clang of the 6:30 bell, what reason for complaint have you in your cozy, warm room with only one other occupant besides yourself?

If you could look back through the stereoscope of years, you would see another, but far different Little Lady of Yesterday, far less comfortably situated and with two "roomies" besides herself.

On bitter cold winter mornings when the fire of the night before had long since died out, it was all that her girlish will could do, to enable her to get out of her chilly bed and reach for her bedroom slippers, colder than her icy feet, and draw her robe tightly about her to keep out the relentless enemy, Cold, as best she could. Down the steps to the gloomy, dark basement she must go to pile with wood the coal bucket which she

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jerked along with her. The wood, she had helped chop, only the day before. A nice load to carry up the precipitous steps when one's obstinate teeth chatter wildly as the shivers went their turbulent way along one's spinal column!

In the room, the two other "roomies," by this time, have started a flame with a piece of paper.

"Think this will do?" stutters the shivering wood-carrier as she nearly drops her heavy burden on the bare floor.

"O—oh! let's put it in quick I'm frozen from tip to toe!" exclaims the little blond room mate.

"It's almost as bad as at home. Last winter wood was very scarce," says the black-haired one.

"It makes me appreciate the wonderful advantages we receive here. How fortunate we are to be able to get an education; and Mrs. Shimer is so kind to us. She is having another well fixed so that we don't have to go three blocks to get water for drinking and washing. It's only going to be a block away!"

"A—ah! Look at that flame! Um, my hands are tingling from it."

"Girls, we can't warm our hands any longer; it's about time we were washing and dressing. Here, you, Jane; please pour some water out of that pitcher, will you?"

"Oh, Katie! the water is frozen. You forgot to take it from the window last night when you put it there to cool for drinking. Well, it's Cynthia's turn to go to the pump so she'll have to get some. Wash we must, frost or no frost."

So poor Cynthia has to dress quickly, set her teeth, and with her Chinchilla coat thrown over her trembling shoulders, face the cold.

Imagine yourself, Little Lady of Today, getting out of a soft bed and going three blocks in the bitter cold. Even though you did have a heavy coat on, you would hesitate to do it, I think. But, indeed, how can you imagine such circumstances, with your hot and cold water a step or two from your room which radiates warmth?

In the social life there is a world of difference. Come into our dining room any day and look at a table of girls chattering away like magpies. In 1875, such deportment was taboo. A girl was permitted to say very little at the table and that only to the person at her side.

Neither were there many sports in those days, and gym was a thing unheard of. To make themselves strong and healthy, the girls did the ironing after their clothes had been washed and did the work about the building for which there was no hired help.

All the Little Lady of Today must do is to keep herself and her room neat and clean. Are you not glad that you are not a Little Lady of Yesterday?

Questions of a New Girl

Frances Zangle, College '22

A new girl stands and stares about, not knowing where to go or what to do next. If she is to find out anything and clear her mind of that wondering ache, she must ask questions.

"Why don't they bring the mail up oftener? I am sure I don't get all of my mail. Why can't we tack up our pictures where they look the best? Why can't I leave my trunk in my room and unpack it when I please? Why do we have to eat breakfast when we are too sleepy to see? Why can't we pass our plate down when we are ready for more potatoes? Why not pick those grapes and apples? The birds will eat them if we don't."

After the first day she is used to what she sees and the second day she begins to hear things. To understand these it is necessary to ask more questions.

"Is that small building over there the school movie?" And old girl smiles and answers, "No, that is the Infirmary."

"How many times may we go to town? What are we allowed to buy? And how long may we stay? Where is the book store? I heard that it would be here on the campus? Where are the prunes? I am disappointed; I thought that we should have them at every meal."

When she understands most of the routine of the campus, she is inquisitive about who's who.

"Isn't Mrs. Shimer a nice-looking old lady?"

"What?" puts in someone near by. "That is the Dean's mother."

"Who is Katie? She must be a very dear friend of all the girls; they speak of her so much. Isn't Nebby a dandy dog?"

Another new girl interrupts, "That isn't Nebby. Nebby is the Dean's son."

And so on for the first week. No wonder if at the end of this time the new girl is quite convinced that she knows it all, for there is no denying that her questions have covered a multitude of matters.

A Country Fair

Helen Chapman, Academy '21

To the county fair in the fall the whole countryside turns out; they used to come in the old buckboard and surrey, but now in the Buick, Ford, Overland, and Reo. Such an interesting crowd! Whole outfits of families with Grandfather and Grandmother down to the youngest infant. Each one comes with his particular desire to fulfill in sight seeing. Grandmother hurries perhaps to the newest and most efficient canning exhibits. For Grandfather, the cattle and hogs have the greatest lure. The baby, of course, must have his balloon, and the next youngest all the cracker

jack and pink lemonade the wise mother will allow. Big brother goes to look at his latest desire in automobiles, and persuades the hot and cranky salesman, perhaps, to give a free demonstration. His pretty sister of sweet sixteen accepts urgent invitations for sundaes and Ferris wheel rides. The littlest daughter, between times when she isn't lost or waiting for the bright red piece of candy she dropped in the mud, loudly demands a pony ride; if not on a real live pony then a gallop on the merry-go-round can be made to do. Oh, yes, Father—why, he pays the money out and enjoys it, and Mother, why, she takes care of them all and is happy in so managing her charge.

When they go home none of them want the corned beef and cabbage of the evening meal because of the glorious "hot dogs" and hamburgers of the afternoon.

Open Letters

10 Henshaw

Hamp

Dearest Everyone,

I have just this minute finished a very detailed description of my F. S. S. days in my autobiography that I am writing for English. I became so absorbed in it that for a few heavenly minutes, I almost forgot that I was really away from Frances Shimer at all. But I am—very much so. Sometimes the awful truth overcomes me. Oh, yes! I've been homesick, and now I am in splendid position to give all kinds of sympathy to anyone that is homesick. It is awful, isn't it? But Smith is wonderful! Virgilia and I both love it and since we must be away, I am sure we couldn't be happier anywhere else. (I am trying my best to forget that I am writing for publication).

I think that chapel has made the most vivid impression on me these first few days. The chapel itself is beautiful—and with 2000 girls—and the most wonderful organ music! It's awfully inspiring, only service so far has inspired me to nothing but tears. But I guess that's natural.

Everyone says Ginee and I are very lucky to be at 10 Henshaw. There are about forty girls in the house—mostly eastern. V.—and I feel very roughly western—but we're proud of it. Life here in the house isn't so unlike F. S. S. after all. In some ways it is very, very like it. "The lights off at 10 o'clock" rule, especially. When we are terribly overworked we can have a light cut and stay up later. But it seems queer to dash down town any time at all—and to go to the movies in the evening. I almost felt as though I should have Morry's permission when I started out the other night. I've been to all my classes except chemistry. They are all three hour a week courses and that seems queer, too. The teachers are all awfully nice and the classes aren't very large. I am always scared to death when I recite, though.

I do wish I could give an adequate description of Smith. The size

of it just leaves me speechless—but it didn't take me long to realize why everyone swears by Smith, that has ever been here. But even so, there's no place like F. S. S. I am sure of that. When you simply can't put in your time there come to Smith. It's next best.

With love to everyone and everything Frances Shimerish

"Midge"

P. S. Just a note to tell you all "Hello." I really feel quite at home writing "news from other schools" for the dear old Record. We're having an awfully good time, so far. It surely is funny what people here think of our beloved West. Someone asked me yesterday if I brought my horse and lasso (However you spell it) along with me—and somebody else said, "You really do have cow-boys in the country, don't you?" That's the absolute truth. Ever since, Midge and I have been telling them all wild tales about Indians, etc., just to afford them some amusement. But I really don't think we're as green as we look, because somebody actually asked me the way to Seelye Hall today. Of course I didn't know exactly, but it didn't make any difference.

We miss the night watchman awfully. Surely don't feel as safe as we did last year. We think and talk about you all lots and often wish we were back.

With much love, always—

Virginia.

Berkeley, California, Sept., 1920.

Hello, all of you!

When I was a Freshman at Frances Shimer I thought often of how wonderful it would be to write back to everybody after my seeming "escape." It is strange, perhaps, for some of you to know that it does not seem so wonderful to be away and to try to talk to you. I would much rather be there!

I have been a student of the University of California for over a month. I think I may rightfully call myself a student for I am taking Greek! (Anyone wishing to know how such a thing could happen to me may secure the desired information by writing to me personally). Classes have probably just begun at Frances Shimer and here I am preparing soon to take mid-term examinations.

Registration day here was Friday, August 13. There are so many Freshmen here that it is almost necessary to fight to get in classes. After getting in it is difficult to remain, unless one assumes an intelligent appearance. With the aid of my "goggles" I have been allowed to remain in all my classes thus far. I am told that it is even more difficult to register the second semester, but I can hardly imagine a more trying ordeal than what most of us had to undergo this semester.

During the first week when the Sophomores were "hazing" the Freshmen, the campus was the scene of a continuous comedy. The poor

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"Frosh" were made to use their noses as propellers to roll eggs about the campus—Of course, they were made to perform many other stunts, such as proposing to girls chosen for them by the Sophomores.

One day I met Florence Schweizer on the campus, quite accidentally. I knew that she was to be here and it was surely good to meet a "Shimerite" so far away. I have seen her several times since.

The Honor System of Student Government is real here. It surely is wonderful. I do hope that the Seniors at Frances Shimer will have Student Government again this year. I hope that they will have better success than we had. Student Government and the Honor System are one here. The professors even leave the room during examinations. With so much trust and responsibility one could not help doing the right thing here all the time.

It may please Miss Morrison to know that I certainly enjoy getting up for an eight o'clock class three times a week. I live two blocks from the campus, too, and I have not yet been late nor have I cut classes once.

During my years at Frances Shimer, I was heir to an abundance of room-mates. I have two now. We have a lovely room with a lovely view of the bay. In the evenings the scene is gorgeous! Usually the fog tends to soften and blend the vivid coloring of the sky and the dark outlines of the hills, so that the result is like a pastel print.

The campus is very attractive. The vegetation is of a great variety, but most of the trees are eucalyptus trees or oaks. The buildings are nearly all white and very massive. The campus is so very large that I spent a great amount of my time at first losing and finding myself. If it had not been for the Campanile I should probably be playing "hide and go seek" with myself yet. I learned to look for it and then start out again from there. The Campanile is a beautiful white tower at the top of which is a clock. During the week, University songs are played by chimes and on Sundays hymns are played.

It really is getting late and I must go to bed or I may not be able to get to that eight o'clock class in the morning after all.

With best wishes to you all and a squeak for "Nebby,"

Hila Jalbert.

La Jara, Colo., Sept. 17, 1920.

Dear Record Readers:

In a letter from Maxine McMahon she asked me if I would write a letter for the Record and tell you all some of the things I am doing.

First of all I must tell you that I have been enjoying a most delightful summer. Almost every Sunday we have taken trips into the mountains. There are many lakes and mountain streams all full (?) of fish, but for some reason our men have had very little "fisherman's luck" because they never got any fish. Mother, Hazel, and I think we have a good laugh on them because we went on a picnic-fishing party yesterday and caught eight fairly good sized trout. We certainly had beginner's

luck, because that was the first time any of us had done any fishing. The first thing they all said was "Where did you buy them?" So you may know that we had a hard time making Papa and The Family believe that we caught them.

Along with my play I have also been working. I have been helping in the bank since the first of July. I like the work very much and am going to continue during this winter. I thought at first that I would not mind staying home from school one year, but when I got a telegram from Vera asking if we were going through Denver on our way to school, then after Pauline and Lucy left for school, and when I see all the children going to school here in La Jara, I get sort of queer feeling just as if I would like to be back with all the "old girls" again. I am sure I don't know how I will ever live through the whole winter if I have such feelings this early, but "where there's life there's hope" and I am decidedly alive, so I guess I shall survive.

I must tell you a little about The San Luis Valley in which I live. It is a valley 55 miles wide and 110 miles long. It rises to an altitude of 7600 feet. It contains the longest stretch of straight railroad track in the United States; the track runs 82 miles without a curve. It is entirely surrounded by mountains, many of them covered with perpetual snow. One mountain named Mt. Blanco reaches an altitude of 14,390 feet and is 280 feet higher in altitude than Pike's Peak. I wish I could describe some of the scenic trips we have taken, but I can't describe the mountains; there is something in their beauty that one has to feel in order to be able to appreciate it. Any of you who have been in Colorado Rockies or other mountains will be able to appreciate my feelings, I think.

One of the prettiest trips we have taken this summer was our trip to Creed. Papa had to go up to attend a meeting of The Federation of Commerce and he took his family with him. Most of the way we traveled up the canon along the Rio Grande river. The Creed Commercial Club gave a "fish-fry" for all the guests, and such delicious mountain trout as they did serve us. Of course the rest of the dinner was just as delicious but the fish was the most important. My cousin who has been visiting us most of the summer was with us and she was more than delighted with the day. She has never been in Colorado before and is just as crazy about it as we are.

We live on The Ranch, which is three miles from La Jara and seventeen miles from Alamosa. We have a tennis court and croquet grounds. I have played tennis a lot this summer and I have gotten lots of good practice with good players. We have a good riding pony and two cars, so we are not exiled on the ranch by any means and it isn't half as bad to live on a ranch as it sounds. Of course everything is modern and comfortable.

I am anxious for it to be cold enough for skating. Papa is going to flood the tennis court for us. There are four artesian wells on the



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place, so it won't be at all difficult to do. I hope we shall have a good pond, because I am fond of ice skating.

A lady who is guardian of a Camp Fire club in Alamosa has asked me to assist her as guardian. I am interested in Camp Fire work, having been a Camp Fire girl myself, and am glad she asked me to help her.

I just received a letter from Vera Laub telling me a lot of F. S. S. news. I surely was glad to hear every bit of it and will be glad to hear from more of the Frances Shimer girls and promise to do my best to answer their letters.

It is time to go to lunch, so I must close. Wishing all the Frances Shimer Record Readers the best of success, I am,

Sincerely,

Lucile Whitman.

Frances Shimer School.

Mt. Carroll, Ill., Oct. 5, 1920.

Dear Trustees:

I started here as an Academy Freshman and I am now a Senior. When I was choosing the school to which I wanted to go I read a great many school papers and catalogues, and Frances Shimer was the place which on the whole appealed to me most. But there was one thing which I always thought a real girl's boarding school would have, and that was a swimming pool. From the Record I knew that the girls were hoping and planning to have a pool very soon, and so I came to Frances Shimer hoping that by the next year there would be one. But we didn't get it; then we didn't expect it the next year for everyone was trying to get along with as little as possible in order to help win the war; but we felt sure that by the time we were Seniors our dream would come true. Unfortunately it hasn't yet, but I am as hopeful as when I came and I know that the alumnae will be as pleased as the future students when the school has its swimming pool. Frances Shimer has meant a great deal more to me than I imagined it could. The beautiful campus is an inspiration to everyone. I know that every girl enjoys at least one part of the life at Frances Shimer, if not a great many parts. If there were only the swimming pool, I think Frances Shimer would be ideal. When I have described the school to people as best I could they have always said "You have a swimming pool, haven't you?" When I answer "No," they just can't seem to understand it.

Sincerely yours,

A Frances Shimer Student.

Athletics

In every progressive enterprise, whether it be industrial or social, changes are always being made and new things added. This year a new department—namely that of athletics—has been added to the Frances

Shimer Record. It is a department which should be very successful, because many of the girls are interested in athletics.

Golf and tennis are the favorite sports at this time of the year. The courts and links are continually being used; many of our F. S. S. girls even find time to play before breakfast.

The Athletic Association is doing all it can to work up spirit. Letters are awarded to the participants in various activities. The point system for the awarding of honors is being used. Sixty points makes a person the recipient of a large F. S. S. letter. Let us all work for a large letter from our Alma Mater.

Class Notes

The fifteen members of the College Sophomore Class met September 14, for organization. We all voted for Helen Sunderland to preside over us. Lola Dynes was elected vice-president, Gladys Gregory, secretary, and Ruth Williamson, treasurer. Miss Smith was unanimously elected to be our class counselor. Miss Morrison has kindly consented to act as our honorary counselor. We count ourselves fortunate in having two town girls, Rebekah Pratt and Lola Dynes, as members of our class for the coming year.

Miss Smith entertained the College Sophomores on September 22, in honor of Margaret McKee, who was leaving in a few days for Smith College. Dainty refreshments were served in College Hall dining-room. Everyone was sorry when the dinner gong put an end to the delightful afternoon.

On September 25 the College Sophomore Class entertained its counselors, Miss Morrison and Miss Smith, at a Katie party. The food was of the variety which Katie alone can concoct. Pretty decorations were used on the tables, each person receiving a corsage as a souvenir. We returned home with the satisfied feeling which only a visit to Katie's can give.

College Freshmen

The College Freshmen have elected the following officers for this year: President, Mildred Fitch; Vice-President, Dorothy Redeker; Secretary, Caroline Rowland; and Treasurer, Lucia Nupson. Miss Cryder was unanimously chosen for Class Counselor.

Watch the College Freshmen this year, girls. They're the class!

Seniors

On Friday, the nineteenth of September, at three-thirty, twenty-four girls rushed from their classes to the third floor of Hathaway Hall, to "Gert's" room, and there held the first Senior Class meeting. Nebuchadnezzar, the cause of much excitement among our friends, the Juniors, entered, escorted by three of his most faithful bodyguards. He was

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treated with all due honor. The following officers were elected: Gertrude Murdough, president; Alice Glover, vice-president; Maxine McMahon, treasurer; and Vera Laub, secretary. Miss Pierson, our faithful helper of last year, was unanimously elected class counselor and has accepted. The Senior colors have not been decided on, but will be chosen soon.

We already have our Student Government, and each Senior is working hard for her privileges, which we hope will not be too far in the future.

We, the Senior Class of nineteen twenty one intend to make a success, with the aid of our counselor, Miss Pierson, and the hearty cooperation of each one in the class.

The Seniors surely are showing Nebby a good time this year, in spite of the fact that we are all busy getting settled and down to work again. Neb has appeared very often of late, sometimes in black bags and other times inside of wraps. He has been introduced to the members of the class and has spent many delightful hours with some of them, who take very good care of him and guard him carefully as every Senior should do.

On the Monday afternoon of October fourth nearly every member of the Senior Class was honored by a call from the Juniors. Even though some of those called upon were not home, the Juniors entered and made themselves comfortable. It is something to be able to entertain oneself. The Seniors do not mean to appear rude, but time is so precious at F. S. S. that there is none to be wasted, and for that reason the Seniors are waiting until they are sure every Junior is home on some free afternoon, when they will return their calls.

Junior Items

The Junior Class was among the first classes to organize this year, with a membership of twenty-three. We unanimously voted for Miss Warner as our counselor, and the best part of all is, she accepted. The officers elected were as follows: President, Charlotte Hageman; Vice President, Mary Dudley; Secretary, Loucile Crist; Treasurer, Elizabeth Briggs.

On September eleventh, a meeting was held at which the old Juniors gave a welcome to the new. Our president surprised us with daintily served refreshments, and even though our counselor partook from an ivory pin tray, we don't believe it lessened the enjoyment any. Class matters were discussed, flowers, color and yell. Billie Kizer was elected cheer leader. Rah! Rah! for Billie!

The Juniors intend to maintain a spirit of friendly rivalry and good sportsmanship, through out the year. Love many, hate few, and always paddle your own canoe" is our motto.

Saturday, October second, with Miss Warner and Miss Lamb acting

as chaperons, the Juniors went on a picnic to Sledge Rock. The picnic was a regular old-fashioned weenie-roast. Five of the girls went first to get the eats and gather wood, so that when the rest of the girls arrived, they were greeted by a blazing bonfire, and the fragrance of steaming coffee. The girls toasted weenies and marshmallows, and played games untill eight o'clock. Then they packed the baskets and left for Frances Shimer. It was the first Junior class picnic this year and a great success. Leave it to the Juniors!

Academy Sophomores

On September 24, the Academy Sophomores held a meeting in West Hall students' parlor to elect officers. Florence Piper acted as chairman. The following officers were elected:

Leona Mason—President.

Beulah Goble—Secretary and treasurer.

Miss Platt—Counselor.

As October 2 was an open night the Academy Sophomores went on a picnic to Point Rock Park. Miss Platt being unable to go, Miss Cryder chaperoned the party.

Miss Platt entertained the class in Hathaway parlor after vespers Sunday, October 3. A delightful evening was spent toasting marshmallows. Light refreshments were served by the hostess.

Academy Freshmen

The Academy Freshmen met September 21, and elected the following officers: President, Rose Dutton; Vice President, Josephine Bruno; Secretary, Lillian Howard; Treasurer, Melba Marshall; Class Counselor, Miss Hostetter.

On September 26, after Vespers, the Freshmen with their counselor, Miss Hostetter, had a spread in Room 39, West Hall.

On October 2, the Freshmen with their counselor had a picnic dinner in the woods near the Old Ladies' Home. All had a pleasant time.

New Faculty Members

We miss this fall an unusual number of former faculty members, some of them so well established in the Frances Shimer family that it seemed wellnigh impossible to keep house without them. But the School considers itself particularly fortunate in those whom it has secured to take the places of those who have gone. Miss Gillard of Oberlin is taking Miss Bragg's place in the Piano department, while Miss Hostetter succeeds Miss Bragg as Head of West Hall. It was a matter of regret to everyone when Miss McClelland, who followed Miss Richey in the Voice department, was obliged after being on the ground a week to give up the work on account of her health. A piece of good fortune made possible the return of Miss Richey for a month; Miss Kesson has been

secured to fill the position permanently. Miss Hobbs of the University of Iowa is taking the place of Miss Pollard in the Dean's office and in teaching shorthand and typewriting. Instead of Miss Dunshee and Miss Alexander in the Home Economics department, Miss Walker of Mount Holyoke and the University of Wisconsin acts as head of the department, and Miss Lamb of the University of Wisconsin as her assistant. Miss Hunter, University of Illinois, and Miss Platt, University of Michigan, follow Miss Ockes and Miss Smith in Science; and Miss Warner, University of Wisconsin, takes up Miss Sawyer's work in Physical Education.

College House Meeting

House meeting! The old girls here know what that means, but the girls new to the school look forward to the first one with curiosity.

These new girls were soon enlightened at the first House Meeting of the year held in the College Hall parlor on Monday, September thirteenth. Miss Morrison presided, and, after explaining the idea of student government, read to us the Constitution, adopted in previous years by the Student Government Association. A nominating committee was appointed to select the necessary candidates for offices, and at the next meeting Emily Taylor was elected president; Marjorie Garvey, vice-president; Marion Powell, secretary; and Margaret Knox, treasurer.

The Diversion Club

The Diversion Club is an organization at Frances Shimer which includes the entire student body. It gives various entertainments during the year to make both fun and money. With this money the Club in the past has bought different things, among which is our present moving picture machine, and donated them to the school. Now its interest is in making money to contribute toward a swimming pool for Frances Shimer.

Instead of the usual Chapel exercises on Tuesday, September 28, The Diversion Club elected its officers. Helen Sunderland acted as chairman of the meeting. The following officers were elected: Minnie Labahn, president; Lucia Nupson, vice-president; Vera Laub, secretary; Dorothy Huntoon, treasurer. Miss Darrow, who helped the Club so efficiently last year, was again chosen counselor.

Y. M. C. A.

Every girl on the campus is invited to become a member of the Y. W. C. A. at Frances Shimer. Weekly meetings are held in the Association rooms in West Hall at 4:15 every Sunday afternoon. The rooms are also open during the week for reading. The Sunday meetings are very interesting and helpful, and we are very anxious to increase our attendance.

Last spring the following officers and cabinet members were elected for this year:

President—Mildred Walker.

Vice-president and chairman of the Membership committee—Alice King.

Secretary and chairman of the Publicity committee—Helen Chapman.

Treasurer and chairman of the Finance committee—Leah Durkee.

Chairman of the Religious meetings—Priscilla Stohr.

Chairman of the Religious Education committee—Lucille Smith.

Chairman of the Social committee—Lucile Whitman.

Chairman of the Social Service committee—Helen Crow.

Helen Bloomer has been chosen to act as chairman of the religious meetings committee, filling the vacancy caused by the absence of Priscilla Stohr, Maxine McMahon to fill the vacancy of Lucille Whitman, and Margaret Sayers that of Helen Crow.

The advisory board consists of Miss Smith, Miss Morrison, Miss Schuster, Mrs. McKee, Miss Gillard, and Miss Platt.

Most of the activities of the Y. W. C. A. have already begun. The membership committee corresponded with the new girls during the summer. Two Vesper services have been conducted by them. Thus far this year there are ninety-six student and twelve faculty members.

The Social committee conducted a marshmallow toast in front of Science Hall September 18.

The Bible Study Committee has organized Bible-study classes in each hall. Miss Smith will have a class in College Hall, studying the Life of Christ. Miss Morrison will also have a class in College taking up the life of Paul; Miss Platt will have a class in Hathaway and Miss Gillard will have one in West Hall. A large number of girls have shown a desire to join, and if their interest does not lag, the success of the classes is assured.

The Who's Who Party

Saturday afternoon as I was hastening to class with my book under my arm, I was hailed by an old F. S. S. girl whom I had seen several times but had never had the pleasure of meeting. She introduced herself, and proceeded to invite me to be her guest at the annual Who's Who Party. I accepted with alacrity and hurried on.

Promptly at seven-thirty I answered a knock at the door with a hearty "Come," and in stepped my new friend. She had with her another new girl, also her guest. We went at once to the reception rooms of College Hall, where the school functions are held. Our friend then piloted us about the rooms, introducing us to all the old girls, who in turn introduced the new girls they had in charge for the evening. I believe we met all or as nearly all the teachers and girls of F. S. S. as is possible in

an evermoving and intermingling crowd such as that was.

The introductions over, the girls were startled by a blindfolded girl dashing into their midst and catching all the girls whom she could. These girls were then to take part in some amusing contests. The winner in each contest received a prize of a candied Life-Saver. After the fun of the contests had subsided we were served with ice cream and wafers by several of the old girls, who acted as hostesses.

At the sound of the nine-thirty bell we scattered to our various halls, after thanking our hostesses for the very enjoyable evening, all declaring the first party at F. S. S. a decided success.

The Marshmallow Roast

I am a goddess called Voluptas, and I live not in the past like my ancestors, Juno and Minerva, nor in the future, but in the present. It is my duty to watch over the social functions of girls from fifteen to twenty, and I am especially appointed to have charge of the Frances Shimer girls.

Saturday night, September the twentieth, nineteen twenty, I planned a marshmallow roast to be given at F. S. S. by the Y. W. C. A. I came early at seven-fifteen, just in time to see that the lanterns along the walk between Science and College were lighted, and to make sure that the big bon-fire in front of Science burst into flames at the appointed time. I was well satisfied when the girls had all assembled. The moon creeping up behind the pines, the campus decorated in party array, and best of all the smiles of happiness on the faces of my romping, bloom-ered protegees!

I started a snake-dance with some of the girls, and romped about with others playing crack-the-whip and flying-dutchman. I found secluded corners for some where we played ukeleles, singing now and then to the strumming; others I grouped about the fire or on the steps of Science to chat.

The most sport came with the marshmallows; everyone had such a time roasting them. I told some of them that the best way was to lie on your stomach. Do you know whom I saw in that hilarious group about the fire? Some of the faculty. After the marshmallows came bags of pop-corn; by the eagerness of some to secure two bags, I imagine it was very good.

I was not at all surprised when I heard music coming from College Hall, because I had planned for the girls to dance. Some lingered about the fire, talking over the events of the evening and the happy results. I was glad they were happy results, because it made me feel I had done my duty, and so I flew away, but just as I was departing I heard the nine-thirty bell ring.



Miss Sharlow at Frances Shimer School

Among the many fine recitals that students and patrons of the school have had an opportunity to enjoy, that given on Wednesday evening October 6th by Myrna Sharlow of the Chicago Opera Company is to be recorded among the noteworthy.

Metcalf Hall held a very contented audience, who were evidently not disappointed in their expectations of Miss Sharlow's powers as an artist and singer. And the reception accorded her offerings not only showed their hope had not been misplaced, but was of a nature befitting one who enjoys such a high reputation in the world of music.

Miss Sharlow puts into her work an intense personality and with a voice rich and resonant—aided by a captivating stage presence, she won the immediate sympathy and interest of her audience, which showed its appreciation by repeated recalls.

The program was well calculated to reveal her many fine qualities. She possesses a warm temperamental attitude toward her art and finish of style distinguishes all that she sings. Quite individual were her interpretations of the negro Spirituals, which were given with rare insight and with an artist's reverence for their significance.

Granville English at the piano supplemented her work with some excellent accompaniments, besides contributing a group of solos, the Saint Saens arrangement of a Bach Bourree, Chopin's Prelude in F Sharp and the Concert Etude by MacDowell, and as an encore Sinding's March Grotesque, adding very materially to the evening's artistic success.

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- a, Oh, Sleep Why Dost Thou Leave Me.....Handel
 b, My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair.....Haydn
 c, Saper Voireste-Ariotta (From Masked Ball).....Verdi
 a, Absense Berlioz
 b, Galli-Southern Serenade Mokyejs
 c, On the Steppe.....Gretchaninoff
 d, The Nightingale has a Lyre of Gold.....Whelpley
 e, Cradle SongGretchaninoff
 Aria (From Madame Butterfly).....Puccini
 Madame Butterfly's Song to her Child Act III.
 a, Black Bird's Song.....Cyril Scott
 b, Three Folk Songs.....
 Loch LomondOld Scotch
 The Old Ark's Moverin' (Amer. negro)
 Song arrangement by.....Troyer
 Zuni Indian Blanket.....
 c, The Year's at the Spring.....Mrs. H. H. Beach

Look out for Anonymous Letters

"You are invited to be a guest at Katie's for breakfast at 7:25 A. M. Monday 11.

"Meet Miss Pierson."

"Tew awffle breakfasts wil bea survd two you and Miss Shooster if you wil meat each other at Katys next mundi morning att seven twenty five sharp.

"R. S. V. P."

"The undersigned invites you to breakfast at Katie's at 7:25 Monday, October 11.

"Meet Miss Morrison."

Readers may imagine the excitement which entered the uneventful lives of the faculty when they found these notes and others like unto them thrust under doors, placed on the bulletin board, or hanging on the faculty parlor lamp, each addressed to some one of the faculty. The perpetrators had covered their tracks well, so that there was nothing to do but wait, and, especially for the recipient of the last-quoted note, to speculate whether in responding to it she might not be going down a blind alley.

But on the contrary the invitations proved to be trustworthy guideposts. Everybody met everybody else. Fear of consequences restrains the reporter from divulging the number of waffles consumed; but the faculty were less eager about noonday lunch than is habitual with them. And it was revealed that the hostesses were the new members of the

faculty, who had chosen this wise way of ensuring their entrance into the hearts of their colleagues.

The Mirror of Fashion

"Oh, how sweet!" "I wonder who made it," and similar expressions directed all eyes toward a fancifully arrayed "poster lady" in West Hall entrance one morning last week. When one got within reading distance one found a general invitation for the school to attend "The Mirror of Fashion at College Hall, October ninth. Certainly if the "mirror of fashion" should prove as interesting as the poster which proclaimed it, there would be a full attendance. Little bits of gossip about "models" and "gowns" and "music," which were overheard, kept all the girls excited, wondering what the reality would be like.

When the guests arrived at College Hall Saturday evening about seven-thirty, after leaving a quarter at the door, they were ushered into the ballroom by a College Sophomore, who handed them pretty little programs.

The ballroom was beautifully decorated with the class colors, old rose and gray. Little tables seating six, similarly decorated, were arranged around the outer edge of the room. On each was a lighted table lamp which greatly enhanced the beauty of the picture.

The guests did not have long to wait. The exhibit of fashions was preceded by a musical number, and at its close the models came in, one at a time, to soft music, down a rose and gray aisle to a raised platform, where they posed a moment and quietly moved out again. There were two models to display each type of costume. The traveling suits came first, followed by school, sports, street, afternoon, dinner and evening costumes. The models were all more than worthy of praise, but space forbids us to say more than "They were certainly fine, each and every one."

After the last model had passed out of the room, the Sophomores served their guests with delicious ice cream sundaes and fancy wafers.

To complete the evening of pleasure it was necessary to dance, so the remainder of the evening was spent in that enjoyable pastime. At nine-thirty the girls separated, to go to their halls, declaring the Sophomore party most original and attractive.

Vespers

On September 12, Dean McKee led Vespers. He talked to the girls of what an education may contribute to life. The address was very interesting and we will all do well to consider it carefully.

The Vesper service of September 19 was in charge of the Membership Committee of the Y. W. C. A. Helen Chapman told how and why the personal pledge had been adopted as a membership basis, and Alice

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King, as chairman of the committee, explained the purpose of the association and the meaning of membership in it.

Sunday, September 26, Miss Morrison spoke of the value of cultivating now the habits which will lay the foundation of a fine and beautiful womanhood.

On October 3, Mrs. McKee told us the story of the woman who made Frances Shimer School possible. She showed old photographs picturing some of the people who had to do with the early history of the school, also some views of the old buildings.

On October 10 Margaret Sayers presided at Vesper Service, which was in charge of the Y. W. C. A. Mildred Walker gave an account of the Lake Geneva Conference. She spoke of the lectures and classes, which were most interesting. The recreational activities were by no means neglected, and Mildred reports a most enjoyable time.

Campus Notes

September 27—As there was trouble with the film the movie which we were to have had on Saturday was not shown until Monday. The title of the picture was "The A. B. C. of Love," Mae Murray playing the leading part.

Oct. 2—This Saturday night being an open night there were many minds with but a single thought. That thought was, "Let's have a picnic." The Juniors, Academy Sophomores, and Academy Freshmen had class picnics. There were also many other groups of girls who could be seen in picnic attire going off the campus. The girls who stayed at home spent the evening making candy and dancing. From the exclamations heard next day about the campus, such as "I hope we have loads of open nights this year," everybody must have enjoyed herself.

September 22—On Wednesday morning instead of the usual chapel exercises, Miss Sword, an alumna of Frances Shimer School, gave a brief talk. Miss Sword is doing social welfare work in one of the large factories in Cincinnati, Ohio. This is one of the few factories in the United States where educational advantages are offered to its employees. She also told us that besides the school for the employees, there is a training school for the instructors. This school not only deals with the process of shirtmaking, but it trains the future teachers how to instruct. What she had to say was of interest to every girl as it was a subject entirely new to most of them.

Miss Braunlich, former teacher of Latin at F. S. S., was the guest of Mrs. Henry McKay at the opening of the school year. Frances Shimer friends were delighted to see her again. At the end of her visit, Miss Braunlich went to Baltimore, where she is to teach at Goucher College.

Geraldine Hegert, College '19, spent Saturday, October 2, here, as

the guest of Lucille Smith. She was on her way to the University of Chicago, where she will be a Senior this year.

On Monday afternoon, September 19, about sixty of the townspeople came to College Hall in response to an invitation from the faculty to meet their new members.

Exchange Department

The FRANCES SHIMER RECORD gratefully acknowledges the following exchanges:

Ferry Tales, Ferry Hall, Lake Forest, Ill.

Wayland Greetings, Wayland Academy, Beaver Dam, Wis.

The Lake Erie Record, Lake Erie College, Painesville, Ohio.

The Young Eagle, Saint Clara College, Sinsinawa, Wis.

New Trier Echoes, New Trier High School, Kenilworth, Ill.

McMinnville College Bulletin, McMinnville, Ore.

The Philippine Presbyterian, Manila, P. I.

Green and White, Greely School of Elocution and Dramatic Art,
New York City.

The Oneida Mountaineer, Oneida, Kentucky.

The Breeze, Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass.

Wabash Record Bulletin, Crawfordsville, Md.

FERRY TALES:

Your Tales with pep are crowded,
You've got the snap and go,
We like your Ferry paper,
And we're glad to tell you so.

LAKE ERIE RECORD:

We stopped!
We looked!
We started to read
And haven't regretted it yet.
We were reading your stories.

THE YOUNG EAGLE:

We like your Eagle, yes, we do,
It's quite a clever paper,
Especially your "Feather" part
With its lively verse and capers.

THE FRANCES SHIMER Exchange Department extends a hearty welcome to all comers.



Dean McKee (in History Class): What was this affair about Gibbons vs. Ogden, Miss Shattuck?

Betty (hurriedly turning a page): Why-why-a-you skipped the "Ry's," Dean McKee, and I was reading the next paragraph.

Little bits of bluffing,
Bits of fabrication,
Things you think you may have read—
That's a recitation.

Silently one by one, in the grade books of our classrooms,
Blossom the little zeros, the forget-me-nots of our teachers.

Freshman (taking book from reserve shelf): How much is it and lo we buy or rent it?

The latest fashion at Frances Shimer is combing the hair so that the part is tangent to the middle of the head, at right angles to the ear, making half the arc intercepted by its sides.

Life is a joke,
All things show it;
Look at a Freshie,
Then you'll know it.

Latin

All people dead who spoke it;
All people dead who wrote it;
All people die who learn it;
—Blessed death, they surely earn it!

To a Wasp, on Seeing One in Chapel

Oh, little wasp upon the sill,
 You'd better hasten with a will.
 Those vengeful eyes with venom black
 Are watching: do not turn your back,
 My little wasp!
 There's Smithy her dread skill would try;
 Miss Schuster swats with faultless eye,
 Oh, little wasp, if life you prize,
 You'd better fly out 'neath the skies,
 My little wasp!

Miss Morrison: Find the least common multiple of—

Voice from the rear: You don't mean to say that old thing's lost again?

Minn (coming from Psychology class): I'd like to see that freak that said, "Ignorance is bliss."

Gregg, having put the charm under her pillow on Friday night, repeats the required rhyme and retires.

At midnight (murmuring in her sleep): Oh, Leah! He's the nicest foreigner with pea-green eyes and hair like the Dean's.

A Tragedy in One Act

ACT I.

A certain little Fresh-y-man.
 Her figure did array,
 In pajy's, nice and soft and pink,
 And went toward Hathaway.
 The bannisters so tempting seemed
 That backward she did slide,
 Alack-a-day! She never looked,
 And with Morry did collide.

EPILOGUE

The next time, little Fresh-y-man,
 When to Hathaway you go,
 Put on your woolly, warm, bathrobe,
 And walk down nice and slow.

Maxine (discussing the movie in the art studio): I didn't like the heroine at first because she put on so, but I thought she got to putting on less in each act. Didn't you think she did, Miss Bawden?

—And now my gentle customers,
 Of all the jokes that are here,
 I hope you'll like a few, at least,
 And subscribe for the Record this year.
 Proprietor.

The Scattered Family

Edna Appleby Schultz '97 died at her home in Toledo, Iowa on July 18, after an illness of several months. Mrs. Schultz is survived by her husband and an eight year old son, Robert. The sympathy of many readers of the Record is with the family in their loss.

Helen Strickler, '10 of Waynesboro, Penn., spent part of the summer in Mt. Carroll the guest of relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kreuter (Pauline Hayward '05) called at the School in June. They were travelling by motor to their home in Los Angeles, California.

Adaline Hostetter Burquist '9 of Duluth, Minn., with her daughter and son, Harriet and Rudolph, visited relatives in Mt. Carroll during the summer.

Rev. Robert Wallace, father of Louise Wallace '07 died at the family home 3324 Home Avenue, Berwyn, Illinois, on July 8. Louise visited the school in September, accompanying a young friend who entered Frances Shimer.

Gertrude Munger '14 was graduated from the American Conservatory of Music, Chicago, in June.

Programs of the Annual Spring Recitals of the Runnells School of Music at Peoria, Illinois, have been received from Edna J. Smith '98 who is one of the Directors of the School and also Instructor in the Piano Department.

Edwina Myers '08 sent greetings during the summer from New Orleans, La.

Frances Gove Lynch '99-02 a great niece of Frances Shimer, the founder of the School, resides at 1500 18th Avenue, South Nashville, Tennessee.

Gertrude D. Brewer '16-17 is a sophomore at the State University of Montana at Missoula, where she is doing major work in the School of Journalism. She writes of a recent visit in Helena where she met May Thistlewaite.

Hazel Kellogg '18 and Alma Fenske '18 were among the guests at the marriage of Ray Sturgeon '18 to Dr. E. K. Huntington in Bay Village, Ohio.

Janet Tarrson, College '19, writes "The Record accounts of Diversion Club Follies, Founder's Day Picnic, "Proms" and Commencement make me live my Frances Shimer days all over again." Janet will continue her work in the Columbia College of Expression in Chicago this year.

The pictorial section of the New York Times of recent date contained an attractive picture of the family of John A. Kingsbury, former Commissioner of Charities of New York, snapped just before sailing to direct Serbian relief work. Mrs. Kingsbury was Mabel Glass '97-99.

Ruby Warner '17 is a senior at the University of Chicago and

Chairman of the Executive Council of the Federation of University Women.

Margaret DuBois '20 has been made a member of the Staff of the college paper at the University of Idaho.

Five members of the College class of 1920 are teaching this year. Marjorie Graham at Deerfield. Pauline Luckey at Pontiac, Thelma Fox at Naperville, Blanche Fuller at Kewanee and Melissa Kingsley at Cascade, Iowa.

Marie Melguard, College '15 is chief Dietitian at the U. S. Naval Hospital, League Island, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Record has received an interesting program of a recital given in Washington, D. C., by Charlotte H. Bronson, Soprano, and Dora Knight Harris, Pianist.

Catherine Conner '16-'18 graduated in June from Stanley Hall, Minneapolis, Minn.

Glee Hastings '11-'12 resigned from her work in Massachusetts General Hospital of Boston in May and sailed a few days later for Armenia where she is engaged in one of the Near East Relief Hospitals, under the direction of the Wellesley College War Work Council. After resigning as instructor in Frances Shimer in June 1908, Miss Hastings entered Smith College Psychiatric School for the purpose of preparing for work with Shell Shocked soldiers. The armistice and Miss Hastings' diploma arrived simultaneously so that she could not carry out her plans for war work. She has been in the Infantile Paralysis Clinic of Massachusetts General Hospital.

Julia Hickman, College '14 writes from Washington D. C. "I am living only a few squares from Dr. and Mrs. Harris (Miss Knight) whom I see frequently. Their small son John makes visits to the Zoo with me and we occasionally dissipate on pink ice cream too."

Celestine Dohmen '15 spent the summer at Narragansett Pier, R. I.

Joan Crocker, College '16-'17 is studying in the department of Home Economics at Milliken University in Decatur. She says, "I would miss the Record if it did not come, and I always turn first to the "Scattered Family."

Geraldine Hegert, College '19 spent a day at Frances Shimer in October, on her way to the University of Chicago where she is a senior and one of the twenty Sponsors of the Federation of University Women.

Esther Williams, College '19, writes of interesting field work, including an investigation into the Housing of Working Women in Boston, which she is doing in connection with her work at Simmons College.

Gladys Bennett '15 is teaching in a rural school at Lake Forest and continuing her study of piano at Lake Forest University School of Music.

Dora Spath Stiles, College '13-14, renews her subscription to The Record because she is "always deeply interested in Frances Shimer

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doings." The first of November Mrs. Stiles will join her husband in Charleston, S. C., where he is now stationed on the U. S. S. Herndon.

Births

To Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Austen (Sarah Mackay '02) a daughter Jane, at St. Louis, July 23.

To Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Burquist (Adaline Hostetter '99) a son John Robert, October 12, Duluth, Minn.

Marriages

Helen Kathryne Grossman, College '17, '18, to Mr. Harold Vernon Jones. June 14, 1920 at Decatur, Illinois. At Home, Cowden, Ill.

Catherine Mitchell Creager '14 to Mr. William R. Gaus on May 27th, 1920, at Brooklyn, New York.

Genevieve Jeffrey '17 to Mr. Frank H. Walter on Monday, July 5, 1920, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Leona Louisa Pierson '19 to Mr. George Herbert Smith on Saturday the fifth of June, 1920, Ithaca, New York. At Home 201 College Avenue, Ithaca.

Geraldine Gates White '17 to Mr. Charles D. Chumbley on Thursday the tenth of June, 1920, at Garden Prairie, Illinois.

Lillian Ulac Tippet, College '17-'18 to Mr. Edward Winfred Mounier on Wednesday, June 23, 1920, at Elizabeth, Illinois.

Melanie Weill '11-'13 to Mr. Edward Magnus on Saturday, June 5, 1920, at Chicago, Illinois.

Rachel Sturgeon '18 to Dr. Erastus Kastning Huntington on Wednesday, June 23, at Bay Village, Ohio. At home Stop 16, Lake Road, Bay Village, after August 1st.

Dorothy Hull '18-'19 to Virgil M. Faires on Saturday, July 12, at Fort Lyon, Colorado. Chaplain W. N. Thomas, U. S. Navy, officiating. At Home Cascade Terrace, Atlanta, Georgia.

Frances Elizabeth Sutter '18 to Mr. Rowan Crawford on Saturday, September the 4th, in Chicago. At Home in Glen Ellyn, Illinois.

Anna Mae Brown '18 to Mr. Joseph P. Moran on Wednesday September the 8th at LaSalle, Illinois. At Home after November 15, Hotel Minerva, Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Estelle Julia Sawyer to Mr. Chester John Grobben on Friday, October the first at Racine, Wisconsin. At Home 1248 Maryland Avenue, Charewood, Wisconsin. Mrs. Grobben was instructor in Physical Education at Frances Shimer 1919-20.

Mabel Lloyd Hughes '14 to Mr. Harper McKee on Tuesday, September 21, Chicago. At Home New York City.

Ruth Levy '09-'12 to Dr. Charles Joseph Rothschild on Thursday the

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fourteenth of October in Fort Wayne, Indiana. At Home after January 1, 1921, at 516 Washington Boulevard, West, Fort Wayne.

Marjorie Leigh McCann '09 to Mr. William C. Harris on Wednesday the eighteenth of August in Chicago. At Home, Freeport, Illinois.

Ruth Elizabeth Appelman, College 1919-20, to Mr. Valmah Sherman White on Wednesday, September the first, at Clermont, Iowa. At Home, Iowa City, Iowa.



THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Frances Shimer Students at Institutions of Higher Learning, October, 1920

(Academic Graduates or College girls with advanced standing. The latter are marked *.)

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

*Geraldine Hegert

*Victoria Maylard

*Ruth Ank Miles

Elsie Smith

Eleanor Swett

Ruby Worner

Hope Hopkins

*Louise Wagner

*Marion LeBron

*Geneva van Avery

PURDUE UNIVERSITY

Mary Salome Pfleeger

MILLS COLLEGE

Gladys Orem

JAMES MILLIKIN UNIVERSITY

*Helen Craw

*Joan Crocker

SMITH COLLEGE

Virginia Carr

Margaret Elizabeth McKee

DePAUW UNIVERSITY

Mary Holderman

MARYVILLE COLLEGE

*Alice McAnulty

ROCKFORD COLLEGE

Kathrina Williams

COLUMBIA COLLEGE OF EXPRESSION

*Irene Friend

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH DAKOTA

Frances Peterson

SHURTLEFF COLLEGE

Mary Blanchard

CHICAGO NORMAL SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION

*Eural K. Moore

ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

Naomi Judy

GRINNELL COLLEGE

*Thelma Leone Smith

*Prudence McKenzie

BELOIT COLLEGE

*Virginia Haskell

*Carlotta Squiers

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

*Enid Brown

Hazel Kellogg

*Minnie Mautz

*Catherine Mendenhall

Florence Schlieker

*Eleanor Currie

Pearl Kulp

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

*Edna Asmus

Ruth Anderson

*Grace Riddle

UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

*Florence Bierring

*Iva Dodd

*Iola Runyon

*Margaret Avery

*Martha Walker

*Leone Wiggins

IOWA STATE COLLEGE AT AMES

*Edna Osborn

Isabel Valentine

*Edith Wallis

*Sarah Ann Brown

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

*Florence Schweizer

Hila Jalbert

UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO

Margaret Dubois

OBERLIN COLLEGE

Pauline Tripp

Alma Fenske

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UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

Priscilla Stohr

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA

Frances Rosenstock

VASSAR COLLEGE

Elizabeth Huling

DRAKE UNIVERSITY

Vera Naiden

MT. HOLYOKE COLLEGE

Dorothy Woodson

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

*Ruth Stellhorn

*Mabel Wallerstein

Helen Arnot

*Florence Welty

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

*Dorothy Crooke

GOUCHER COLLEGE

Mattie Baum

UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO

*Clara Fulscher

*Hertha Fulscher

*Pluma Clemons

FRANCES SHIMER JUNIOR COLLEGE

Genevieve Freeman

Marion Powell

NATIONAL KINDERGARTEN AND ELEMENTARY COLLEGE

*Bertha Paul

*Eleanor Beaubien

COLORADO COLLEGE OF MINES

*Wilma Slack

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH DAKOTA

Faith Griffith

RUSH MEDICAL COLLEGE

*Crete Hamilton

KNOX COLLEGE

*Helen Pratt

Sybil Inness

LAKE FOREST COLLEGE

Virginia Wales

CORNELL COLLEGE

*Edith Laucamp

RUSSELL SAGE COLLEGE

Jessie Dodd

SIMMONS COLLEGE

*Esther Williams

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